

Vol. XVIII

the smothering level of it in a moment spring thins have passed, and a strong, sun-fall, new tree drunk, with a mouth loved by anglers - "Two, three, away to the bright Cal'da more will push through the forest, dense holly-huts - the trail of a and above us what splendor of we can scarce pierce the thick but brightly this moon-hillcock yields to smile is seen below, and how to write and pick clusters the last the day deep from the hilly the chosen - 'tis a day from which have nearly covered with plumage, as the birds of the woods.

Each busy-Monday are scattered
toward, the thrasher is whistling
the red-crested woodpecker hammers
his shrill laugh now swells
the crow of the scow eels on
banks of bright butterflies that
the squirrel winks, barking, his g
break from the tree-groups—a
wild cliver's breath leads the s
ark-to-a streak—a broad glitter
the bright Calliope—through
green:
back to the banks its sweet music
now, dash and gurgle, all bloom
in shadow as there from the cloud-
fange in its crystal—our sport is

the white that ripple across the
the grip to the beam-spangled ed-
comes—a pull—the trout up and
swings to our basket—the price is
near the still shallows—a plunge
the dive of the muskrat, its terror
mer in hand; quite as daring
back with her broad spending on
—“I is the water-angel cleaving
near the still shallows—our prey
are, where the trunk stretches be-
the pool slanders deep in a lea-
the eddies are dumping and en-
gently, for here is the king of
we will—for if greater the sound
the burst of a bubble, we strike
cautious his touch of the death-

and is now trembling; but pattern
— raise your line, put some gentle
credulous victim more sure to his
— and the angle is bent to his
the line from the reel, or 't will
strangle;
he darts round in fury!—but he
— ready to you—we'll hang him
up, but beware that wrong ser-
vice the noble sea-serpent is fill-
bright with the water-glow gills
a brown clouded back, red and
we have the left access of the
— frigate
— a deposit that moves on to Trem-
voice of the cascade now burden-
each, for our prey's crowded city
worldwide, there's a line, here, at

ply well our art, for no further
back a few miles, but our march
as steady as the sky tells that day
when his warbled air ceases and
the frog from the creek has come
home;
again has ceased his night arrow
the broken sparkling string so
below.
the bank then we chamber, our home
in the creek bearing fire fly to light
the dream of our sleep-littered
day-scar, distorted but pleasant,
the first.

From the Tribune for 1943.

SECOND THOUGHT

BY MARY ARNOLD

is a common saying, that one is by another's experience there, that profit by their own is not be justly applied that straits, that "experience is the life of a ship, which only illumines it is pained." But, of all the known in this ever open school, my friend, Mrs. Dunbar, is a noble. With a fair portion of keen observation, and fifty years with the world, she is as true, and as hopeful, as when a child the rainbow was a rope, and then light, with a golden cup at the end, there was a real man standing that the sky would, one of the

...and round ditch larks. ...
...and equable temperance. ...
...his father's happy manifes-
...in her fellow creatures is in
...vidence in the happiness of
...suffering; so that, however dis-
...may be at any given mo-
...they are on the point of break-
...have known but a single ex-
...sual and pleasant current of my
...the anxiety and disappointment
...then her blossomed alchymy of
...transmute. Her husband lost all
...was not the cross. Mrs. Dun-
...no reason why they should
...on Fortune's wheel; and she did
...will come up again, and if they
...own private fortune was enow
...from dependence and want.
...ness of her philosophy, or, r
...ness of her philosophy gets to
...lives.

of an autonomous spirit, and in a direction very common in the literature after commercial reputations had been established, that Mrs. Dunbar had mounted to the heights of heroism, when, alas, it fell; and his hopes were prostrated. A few of the severest hours of disappointment and physical pressure killed her, *she was not the cross*. Mrs. Dunbar loved her husband, without having sympathy with him. He imposed projects on her, and neither participated in her quiet, everyday pleasures; so that no harm could be done with less resistance. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the seduces, on *such occasions*, said it all—“Heaven’s time is his particular and reasonable concern,” from the sight of some

ness, but the necessity of
which resembled those plants the
they have studied in the
Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fick
premise, who was just seven
s' death. He most happily e
racter of his parents—the sap
rights of his father, and the b
mother. His education had b
sively directed by his father; an
not any system or plan what
spontaneous action of her an
he happily moulded his affec
s. Fickner Dunbar seemed to
of a youth, with a buoyan
fulfillance, and a manly gras
griety. Much more attention
our country have been given
of education; but his father
respect to the solid and pr
that the wealthier and more

and he had a prompt reward, and worthy of trust was Fletcher's death, (that the mercantile law clerk offered him, on a salary of \$250 a month, and an agency for six years, in England. Mrs. Dunbar consented. But this parting of the way, her only child, and such a room. "There was nothing young man, who had his father's own responsibilities," she Fletcher would get good, and she he went. She should hear my pocket, and six years away. And they did, and this be- of that drop, that diffused